



Another little drop has sunk into the great ocean of infinity. Another trembling ray from man's life-sun has been sent upon its mission through measureless space. Another round has been fashioned in the ladder of destiny—and before us is the new year. All the mighty centuries, with their aggregate creation of form from chaos, have been built from these molecules of time. As the coral in the depths of the sea becomes the basic fragment of a continent only when it has yielded up the body in which it was sensate organism, so our years, precious to us, thrilling with the emotions that mark existence, become fragments of the world's history only when we lose our grasp of them and they are gone. They become imperishable only when to us they have dropped petal by petal their days, and their color and fragrance have departed.

Time is the most profound of all mysteries, the most unfathomable of all secrets. Intangible yet potent, coming whence who can tell, going whither who knows? Each year is an epitome of all that has come and gone, since the first indestructible atom of matter displaced the darkness of primordial emptiness, and wandering on the wings of ether found an orbit, and became the nucleus of a universe. Within the bosom of the years lies the story of man from the cradle to the grave, the unwritten history of unborn nations; the rise and fall of empires, systems and creeds; the riddle which can never be read by mortal eyes. We look at the past and strive to grasp its meaning, to garner up a few sheaves of wisdom. We turn our eyes to the future, enraptured at the mirage of waving fields of untrodden effort, ready for the sickle of the mind, and looking backward and forward the precious present slips away and to-morrow becomes yesterday.

A new year! Heir of all the wealth of the old years, pulsing with possibility, great with promise. It is well that we bow the knee and lift the heart, as the old passeth, and the new cometh out of the door of the storehouse of future centuries, surrounded by its cycle of days, each bearing aloft its unlit torch awaiting the signal of the bridegroom.

Nations, like the planet upon which they live, have their era of subsidence and emergence, their tidal waves and earthquakes, their glacial epochs and their periods of teeming fertility of thought and achievement as well as of glory and prosperity. Now and again they are shaken to their center and old forms give way to newer and

better. Thus is the miracle of creation made recurrent. Looking upon the life-chart of nations, as it lies spread out before us in history, we see here and there an illumined mountain-peak, a Mohammed, Christ, Luther or Cromwell, and here and there a burned-out crater of passion, a Waterloo, a Flodden Field, a Gettysburg. Mountain-peak and crater are a part of the great scheme of humanity, abiding places for the eternal sunlight galling men to loftier heights of patriotism and purity, or warnings of the smoldering fires which keep the earth throbbing with heat and vitality, when prisoned, but unchained involve it in ruin.

The year that has gone has been one of regret and disappointment to us as a people. Like the prophet of old we have looked to the heavens for a sign and found it not, and bowing our hearts we have waited with what patience we might for Time, the healer, to cause us to forget our wounds. All that was in the old year, but the dawn of a new future shines upon us. As we gaze upon its first roseate ray we picture to ourselves the gratification of hope deferred. We hear in the tones of the bell, still quivering with the dirge of the past, a new strain. It breathes of hope, tells of strife soothed to peace, hatred quenched in forgiveness. We follow the ray and it leads us to the embers on the hearthstone of the old year. Looking closer, we find it was kindled there. Amid the ashes of shame and violence, fires of patriotism and brotherly love still burned. Dark indeed will be the old year that sees them quenched in our land; darker still the new year that gives no promise of liberty under law and no respect for the ideals of the past.

Another year, would we linger in the portals of the past, where we have been garlanded with love and joy or where we have crowned us with frustration? Behind us the crowding centuries push like a great army hurrying in hot haste to the victory. Onward they press, sweeping all before them. Alas! we may not pause. Reluctant or willing, we are hurried forward toward those battlements, which, seen dimly against the horizon, may be mist-shrouded and so near at hand that the next step will bring us to the grim gates which open but once to every mortal, and behind which there is a mystery greater than that of Time. Those trampling centuries, thundering forward with a tread like the music of the stars, "so loud it deafens mortal ears," are advancing to carry man to the highest pinnacle of hope and achievement. Woe be to us if on such day we join not the host as valiant soldiers, ready to storm any fortress of wrong and prejudice, willing to do battle according to the strength of our souls and the justice of our cause.

Logical.

"Well, it's about time to make some New Year's resolutions."

"What's the use? Didn't you break all those you made a year ago?"

"Certainly. That's why I've got to make new ones."—Detroit Tribune.

THE EAGLE

For

1895.

We want THE EAGLE to be read during the coming year by every family in Grant county. It will continue to be the best, neatest and newsiest local paper published in New Mexico. It will advocate democratic principles and oppose all rings, cliques and combinations of whatever character.

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will keep an eye open to all the interests of the taxpayers of the county, every one of whom will find it to his interest to take THE EAGLE.

In order to enable every person in Grant county to judge of the character of the paper, we will send

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from now until March 1, 1895, for 25 cents. Send in your subscription and that of your neighbor.

Address

The Eagle,

Silver City, N. M.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M.,
November 13, 1894.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before probate judge or probate clerk of Grant Co., N. M., at Silver City, N. M., on December 24th, 1894, viz.: William Fleming, heir-at-law of Eli G. Fleming, dec'd., who made Homestead Application No. 239 on January 7th, 1883, for the e 1/4 of s-e 1/4 and s-e 1/4 of n-e 1/4 sec. 14, township 15 south, range 17 west. By order of the honorable commissioner of the General Land Office, as per his letter "C" of October 22, 1891, William Fleming will be allowed to submit his part of the testimony before the Probate Judge of the judicial district composed of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, on the day and year above mentioned.

He names the following witnesses to prove the continuous residence of Eli G. Fleming, dec'd., upon and cultivation of said land, by him and the subsequent cultivation of said land by William Fleming, viz:

W. A. Heather, of Gila, Grant Co., N. M.
W. B. Horn, of Gila, Grant Co., N. M.
W. C. Slayback, of Gila, Grant Co., N. M.
Kitt Conn, of Gila, Grant Co., N. M.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

14-21

JOHN D. BRYAN,
Register.